

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

MARVEL
18 .com

CLAREMONT • EATON • JOHNSON

THE NEW EXCALIBUR



Salvador
REBER

RATED A



01811

7 59606 05746 7

\$2.99 US \$3.75 CAN

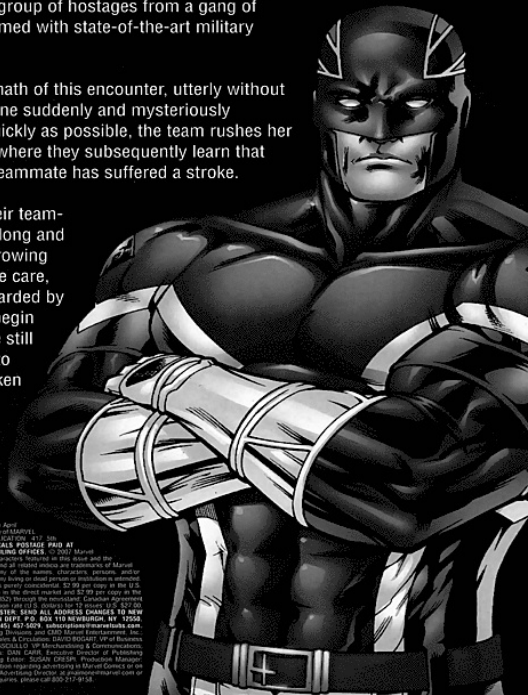
DIRECT EDITION

Previously in NEW EXCALIBUR:

On a busy afternoon in central London, the Excalibur team rescues a group of hostages from a gang of bank robbers armed with state-of-the-art military weaponry.

But in the aftermath of this encounter, utterly without warning, Nocturne suddenly and mysteriously collapses. As quickly as possible, the team rushes her to the hospital, where they subsequently learn that their youngest teammate has suffered a stroke.

After helping their teammate through a long and emotionally harrowing week in intensive care, Excalibur is rewarded by TJ's release to begin her therapy. She still has a long way to go, but she's taken her first critical "steps" along the road to recovery.



NEW EXCALIBUR (ISSN #1022-8598) No. 18, May, 2007.
Published Monthly except semi-annually in April by MARVEL PUBLISHING INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, INC. Office: 500 5th Avenue, 21st Floor, New York, NY 10019. PERIODICALS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. © 2007 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names are trademarks thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or inventions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. \$2.99 per copy in the U.S. and \$3.75 in Canada (GST #R123020325 in the direct market and \$2.99 per copy at the U.S. and \$4.75 in Canada (GST #R123020325 through the newsstand). Canadian Agreement #3066537. Printed in the USA. Subscription rate (U.S. dollars) for 12 issues: U.S. \$27.00. Send no money now! POSTMASTER: SEND ALL ADDRESS CHANGES TO NEW EXCALIBUR, C/O MARVEL SUBSCRIPTION DEPT., P.O. BOX 110 NEWBURGH, NY 12550. TELEPHONE: # (800) 217-8158. FAX: # (845) 457-5079. subscriptions@marvelbooks.com. ADVERTISING: CEO Marvel Tony & Publishing Division and CMO Marvel Entertainment, Inc. DAVID GABRIEL, Senior VP of Publishing Sales & Circulation; DAVID BOGART, VP of Business Affairs & Editorial Operations; MICHAEL PASICILLO, VP Merchandising & Communications; JIM BOYLE, VP of Publishing Operations; DAN CARL, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; JUSTIN F. GABRIEL, Managing Editor; SUSAN DRESPI, Production Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact: Jon Marmorek, Advertising Director, at jonmarmorek@marvel.com or 212-576-8534. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-8158.

LONDON.

THE EMPRESS
MATILDA
DOCKS--
ROTHERHITHE.

PROPERTY OF
ELIZABETH
BRADDOCK,
CURRENTLY ON
LOAN TO HER
(SLIGHTLY
YOUNGER)
TWIN BROTHER
BRIAN FOR USE
BY HIM AND
HIS TEAM,
EXCALIBUR,
AS THEIR HOME
AND HEAD-
QUARTERS.

THIS IS THE
BEST VISUAL
AVAILABLE FROM
OUR FILES ON

ALBION.



TO RISE AGAIN THIS DAY!

ALBION
PROLOGUE

WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT HIM, SAGE?

CAPTAIN BRITAIN

ESSENTIALLY, BRIAN, WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT WE'VE GOT.

YOUR HEIGHT, YOUR WEIGHT, YOUR PHYSICAL STRUCTURE. HE WEARS A VARIANT OF YOUR UNIFORM AND EXHIBITS MUCH THE SAME POWERS.

THE FACT THAT HE SEEMS TO HAVE BONDED WITH LIONHEART SUGGESTS SOME AFFILIATION WITH THE CAPTAIN BRITAIN CORPS--

--BUT WHY THEN ARE THEIR UNIFORMS DIFFERENT FROM YOURS?

SAGE

JUGGERNAUT

AND IF HE IS A CAPTAIN, WHY THEN DOES HE CONSIDER YOU HIS ADVERSARY?

PETE WISDOM

DAZZLER

BY CHRIS CLAREMONT,
SCOT EATON AND
STAZ JOHNSON

JOHN DELL, SCOTT HANNA, DAVE MEIKIS AND TOM PALMER: INKERS
GOTOCOLOR'S A. CROSSLEY: COLORIST
TOM OHEZCHOWSKI: LETTERER
NICK LOWE & ANDY SCHMIDT: EDITORS
JOE QUESADA: EDITOR IN CHIEF
DAN BUCKLEY: PUBLISHER



I CHOSE KELSEY KIRKLAND TO BE A CAPTAIN ESSENTIALLY THE SAME WAY I WAS CHOSEN--

--BY OFFERING HER A CHOICE BETWEEN A SWORD AND AN AMULET.

SHE CHOSE THE SWORD-- FIGHT FIRST, TALK LATER.

THOSE WHO CHOSE THE AMULET HOLD TO THE OPPOSITE COURSE, WE'LL FIGHT AS A LAST RESORT.



BUT BRIAN-- WHAT MAKES YOU THINK SHE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO EVER MADE HER CHOICE?

FOR ALL ANYONE KNOWS, THERE COULD BE A WHOLE OTHER CORPS...

...OF CAPTAINS WHO CHOSE THE SWORD OVER THE AMULET.



MY GOD-- IN ALL THE TIME I'VE WORN THE UNIFORM, I NEVER ONCE THOUGHT OF THAT.

THE CORPS IS SO HUGE, I SUPPOSE WE ALL SIMPLY TOOK THE STATUS QUO FOR GRANTED.



EVERYTHING IN CREATION HAS A BALANCE, BRIAN--

--LIFE AND DEATH, GOOD AND EVIL, LIGHT AND DARK.



THE QUESTIONS FOR US ARE--IS THIS 'ALBION' ALONE... AND IS HE A ROGUE?

MY LIONHEART
HAS NO FORMAL
TRAINING IN THE
ARTS OF WAR.

WHEN SHE
FIGHTS, SHE
FOLLOWS HER
INSTINCTS.

BUT SHE'S
NEW TO
HER ROLE...

...AND TO THE
ARTS OF WAR.

WHEREAS
I HAVE
FOUGHT
MY ENTIRE
LIFE.

SHE'S QUICK...

...AND
DETERMINED
NEVER TO
YIELD.

BEST OF
ALL...

...SHE'S
DETERMINED
TO LEARN HER
NEW CRAFT.

SHE
NEVER
MAKES
THE SAME
MISTAKE
TWICE.

A black and white comic panel showing Blade, a man with long, wavy hair and a mask, in a dynamic pose. He is wearing a dark, form-fitting suit. He is slashing at the arm of a woman who is also in a similar suit. The woman has long, light-colored hair and is looking back over her shoulder at Blade.

SHE'S COME
FARTHER,
FASTER THAN
I EXPECTED.

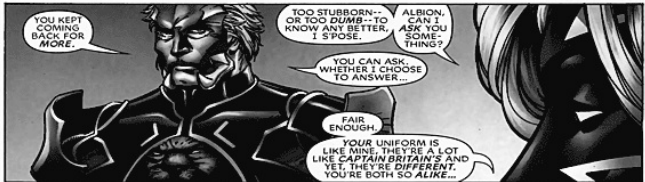
A black and white comic panel showing Blade holding the woman from the previous panel. He is looking down at her with a serious expression. She is looking up at him.

THAT'S
ENOUGH
FOR TODAY,
I THINK.

A black and white comic panel showing Blade and the woman walking away from the viewer down a set of stairs. They are both in their respective suits. The background shows a large, classical-style building with columns.

HOW DO YOU FEEL?

SORE,
ALL
OVER.

A large black and white comic panel featuring a close-up of Blade's face on the left and the woman's face on the right. Blade has a stern, somewhat angry expression. The woman's face is partially visible, looking towards him.

YOU KEPT
COMING
BACK FOR
MORE.

TOO STUBBORN--
OR TOO DUMB--TO
KNOW ANY BETTER,
I S'POSE.

ALRIGHT,
CAN I
ASK YOU
SOME-
THING?

YOU CAN ASK,
WHETHER I CHOOSE
TO ANSWER...

FAIR
ENOUGH.

YOUR UNIFORM IS
LIKE MINE, THEY'RE A LOT
LIKE CAPTAIN BRITAIN'S AND
YET, THEY'RE DIFFERENT.
YOU'RE BOTH SO ALIKE...

A large black and white comic panel featuring a close-up of two pairs of eyes. The eyes are large, detailed, and looking directly at the viewer. The background is dark and indistinct.

WE'RE AS FAR APART,
KELSEY, AS TWO MEN CAN
BE--IN CONCEPT AND
EXECUTION.

YOU KNOW
HIM, THEN?

I KNOW
OF HIM.

I SUPPOSE
YOU MIGHT SAY--
SAME ORIGIN,
DIFFERENT
CHOICE...



THIS
WORLD IS
EARTH.

THE BROAD
PATTERN OF OUR
HISTORY IS THE
SAME.

BUT
THE DETAILS
MAKE THE
DIFFERENCE.

"OUR WAR
THAT BEGAN
IN 1914..."



"... DID NOT
END IN 1918.



"I WAS A
RANGER
CAPTAIN.

"WE WERE
TIRED AND
STARVING,
DRESSED
IN RAGS,
USING
WEAPONS
WE'D
SCOURGED
FROM THE
BODIES OF
THE DEAD.



"VICTORY
WAS JUST
A WORD.
IT HAD NO
REAL
MEANING.



"WE
WOULD
FIGHT
BECAUSE
THAT WAS
WHAT WE
DID, UNTIL
THE DAY
WE DIED.

"AND
THEN,
THE WAR
WAS
OVER.

"THE JOKE,
HOWEVER, TURNED
OUT TO BE ON ME."

I'M--NOT
DEAD?

AM I
DREAMING?

I BID
YOU WELCOME,
YOUNG CAPTAIN.
I AM ROMA.

THIS IS
MY FATHER,
MERLYN.

WE HAVE
COME TO
OFFER YOU A
CHALLENGE.

THY
WORLD IS
WOUNDED,
BOY,
MAYHAP
UNTO
DEATH.

WE OFFER
A CHOICE.

ON THIS
TREE HANG TWO
SYMBOLS--

--THE
AMULET OF
RIGHT, AND
THE SWORD
OF MIGHT.

THY
CHALLENGE
IS TO CHOOSE
ONE AS THY
HALLMARK.

FATHER--
HE CHOSE THE
SWORD!

FASCINATING.

"I REMEMBER--
SCREAMING."



"IN AN
INSTANT,
I FELT
TURNED TO
PURE FIRE."

"I WAS
CONSUMED,
AND THEN
REBORN."

"FILLING MY MIND WERE ALL
THAT I'D NEVER DARED
DREAM OF IN MY LIFETIME--"

"NOW,
SUDDENLY,
THOSE
IMPOSSIBLE
DREAMS
SEEMED
WITHIN OUR
GRASP."

"OUR ENEMIES
WOULD FALL BENEATH
MY SWORD..."

"...AND UPON
THEIR BODIES WE
COULD BUILD
THE BRIGHT AND
SHINING FUTURE
WE HAD EARNED."



I'M SORRY, CAPTAIN.

YOURS WAS NOT THE CHOICE WE EXPECTED.



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



WE SEEK THOSE WHO FOLLOW THE PATH OF THE AMULET, FOR WHOM THE WEAPON IS A LAST RESORT.

WE MUST RECLAIM THE POWERS YOU HAVE MANIFESTED.



HOW DARE YOU TEASE ME WITH SUCH A GIFT AND THEN SNATCH IT AWAY?

DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING?

THIS WORLD'S BEEN AT WAR FOR MY LIFETIME, AND MY FATHER'S. AND MY GRANDFATHER'S.

IT'LL LIKELY NEVER END UNTIL ALL OF HUMANITY IS SLAUGHTERED.



THESE POWERS CHANGE THAT. THEY GIVE US A CHANCE. THEY GIVE US HOPE!

BUT YOU WOULD ABANDON US, YOU WOULD CONDEMN US...

HOW DARE YOU!



OUR OBLIGATION IS NOT TO YOUR WORLD, BUT TO ALL THE WORLDS IN THE OMNIVERSE.



KILL ME THEN, IF YOU CAN.

BUT I SWEAR, BY ALL THE POWERS THAT ONCE WALKED THESE SHORES AND BLESSED THIS EARTH, THAT BEFORE YOU DO...

...I'LL BURY THIS BLADE DEEP IN YOUR HEART.





THERE'S
THE LAST OF THE
INFILTRATORS,
LADS.

CHECK
HIM OUT,
ALL SWANNED
UP FOR A
FANCY-DRESS
PARTY.

NO
FOOLING
ABOUT, JUST
CHOP HIM
DOWN AN'
LET'S MOVE
ON--

--B'FORE
WE'RE
CLIPPED BY
OUR OWN
SHELLS!

"I SAID
NOTHING.

"THEIR
DEATHS
CAME
EASILY."

THIS
ISN'T
OVER,
ROMA!

D'YOU
HEAR ME,
"GODDESS"--
IT'S BARELY
BEGUN!

HOWEVER
LONG IT TAKES,
WHEREVER MY
QUEST LEADS
ME, I SWEAR I'LL
FIND YOU...

...AND CLAIM
FULL
VENGEANCE!

NOT ONLY
FOR MY
WORLD--

--BUT FOR ALL
THE INNOCENTS
YOU'VE ABANDONED
TO THEIR CRUEL
FATE!



"WHEN I
RETURNED
TO BASE, I
WAS MET BY
LAUGHTER.

"AT MY UNIFORM,
AT MY WEAPON."

"WHAT USE
IS A SWORD
AGAINST
MODERN
WEAPONRY?"



"THEN, I
WENT INTO
BATTLE."



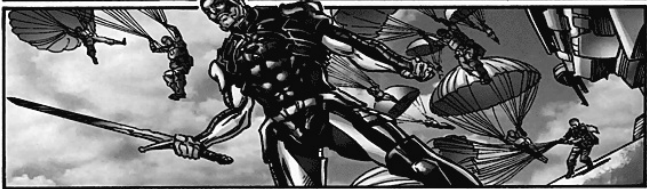
"AND SHOWED
THAT MY BLADE
COULD CUT
THROUGH STEEL
ARMOUR."

"THAT WAS JUST
THE BEGINNING."

10



"IN THE AIR,
ON LAND,
AT SEA--
NOWHERE
WAS SAFE
ANY LONGER
FOR OUR
ENEMY."



"THE WAR WASN'T ENDED IN A DAY, OR EVEN A YEAR."

"IT WASN'T A MATTER OF DEFEATING A SINGLE COUNTRY, OR EVEN A CONTINENT. WE HAD TO **CLEANS** THE ENTIRE WORLD."

"BUT THE END DID COME."

"AND THEN WE HAD TO TAKE STOCK OF THE **LITTLE** THAT WAS LEFT."

"NO CITIES WORTH THE NAME, JUST TRASH HEAPS OF RUBBLE."

"PRECIOUS LITTLE **TRANSPORT**, PRECIOUS LITTLE TO **TRANSPORT**."

"AFTER A CENTURY OF GLOBAL COMBAT, MOST OF THE WORLD'S **FARMLAND** HAD BEEN DESTROYED. THE OCEANS POISONED OR STRIPPED OF FISH."

"THE MEDICAL CORPS TRIED ITS BEST."

"BUT THEIR SKILL WAS REPAIRING **BATTLE WOUNDS**. THEY HAD FAR LESS EXPERIENCE WITH **DISEASE**."

"WE WEREN'T KILLING ONE ANOTHER ANYMORE, NOT IN **BATTLE**."

"BUT WE WERE STILL DYING-- OF STARVATION AND **DISEASE**."

"ADVERSARIES MY POWERS, MY COURAGE, MY STRENGTH, WERE **USELESS** AGAINST."



YOU
PROMISED
ME
VICTORY!

MY DEAR
LAD, WE BUT
PROVIDED THE
TOOLS.

WHAT YOU
DO WITH THEM,
HOW WELL YOU
EMPLOY THEM, IS
SOLELY YOUR
CONCERN.

CAN'T
REALLY
BLAME THE
VENDOR IF THE
OPPOSITION
COMES UP
WITH A BETTER
OFFICER.



THEN
GIVE ME
SOMETHING
NEW,

"GIVE?"

I'M
THINKING,
PERHAPS
THIS IS A
GOOD TIME
TO CLOSE
SHOP?

POINT
OF FACT,
WARLORD,
YOUR ARMY
NO LONGER
EXISTS.



THIS ISN'T
OVER, THERE'S
STILL A
CHANCE--!

WHA--?!



"I'D SCOURED THE
WORLD FOR THESE
LAST REMNANTS
OF THE ENEMY.



"IN A WORLD OF
THE SICK AND THE
STARVING, THEY WERE
HEALTHY AND EVEN
FAT, LIVING BEHIND
SOLID WALLS WITH
A ROOF OVER
THEIR HEADS.

"I WOULD SHOW THEM
THE SAME MERCY THEY
BESTOWED ON THE
REST OF THE PLANET.



"I TURNED
HIS BODY-
GUARDS'
NUMBERS
AGAINST
THEM."

"THEY WERE
MORE USED TO
MASSACRING
HELPLESS
CAPTIVES THAN
ANY KIND OF
REAL FIGHT."

"TRYING
FRANTICALLY
TO GET ME,
THEY CUT
DOWN THEIR
OWN MEN."

"MY SWORD
DEALT
WITH
THE REST."



"THEIR
WARLORD
CAME AT
ME WITH A
BLADE OF
HIS OWN."



"HE WASN'T
A ROYAL, HE
WASN'T EVEN
A GENERAL..."

"...JUST AN
OPPORTUNIST
WHO'D CLAWED
HIS WAY UP FROM
THE RANKS."

"AND WAS
DETERMINED
NOT TO FALL."



"WHAT
CHANCE
DO YOU
HAVE NOW,
WITHOUT A
WEAPON?"



"THE
SWORD IS
NOTHING."



"I AM THE
WEAPON!"



SOUNDS
A TAD GRIM
OUT THERE,
WHAT?

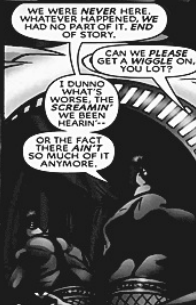
BIT
TOO MUCH
SCREAMIN'
FOR MY
TASTE.

WON'T
BE LONG
BEFORE
THEY'LL
BE COMING
FOR US.

THEY'LL FIND NOTHING.
WE'LL BE LONG GONE, WITH
THE DIMENSIONAL DOORWAY
CLOSED AN' LOCKED
BEHIND US.



SOON
AS WE'RE
THROUGH,
WE VENT
ALL THE
RECORDS.



WE WERE NEVER HERE.
WHATEVER HAPPENED, WE
HAD NO PART OF IT. END
OF STORY.

CAN WE PLEASE
GET A WIGGLE ON,
YOU LOT?

I DUNNO
WHAT'S
WORSE, THE
SCREAMIN'
WE BEEN
HEARIN'--

OR THE FACT
THERE AIN'T
SO MUCH OF IT
ANYMORE.



DIMENSIONAL
MATRIX CYCLED.
WE HAVE A
SOLID LINK.

GATE'S
ACTIVE.



WHAT
THE---?!

SOMEONE'S
COMIN'
THROUGH--

--FROM
TH' OTHER
SIDE!



WELL, WELL,
WELL--
WHAT HAVE
WE HERE?

OH, STOP YOUR COMPLAINING,
YOU WRETCHED CREATURE.

YOUR KIND
IS WANTED THROUGHOUT
THE PAN-DIMENSIONAL
SCHEMA.

FROM THE
LOOKS OF THINGS,
I'D WAGER YOU'VE
BEEN PILLAGING THIS
POOR WORLD FOR
GENERATIONS.

WELL,
THE FUN'S
OVER, SLAVER.
NOW YOU HAVE
TO PAY THE
PRICE.

BLESSED
BE--!

WHERE ARE YOUR
SHARP WORDS NOW,
WARLORD?

I YIELD,
WARRIOR.

I BEG
YOU, SHOW
MERCY!

YOU--
WARRIOR--
IN THE
NAME
OF THE
CAPTAIN
BRITAIN
CORPS--

...I CALL ON
YOU TO HEED
HIS PLEA.

SET
DOWN YOUR
BLADE, SPARE
HIS LIFE.

AND
I SAY TO
YOU...

...NEVER!

MONSTER!





"THE NAME
MEANT
NOTHING
TO ME."



"BUT MY ADVERSARY'S
MOMENTARY HESITATION..."



"...WAS AN
OPPORTUNITY I
TOOK FULL
ADVANTAGE OF."



"I DIDN'T CARE ABOUT THE DETAILS.
ALL THAT MATTERED WAS THAT HE'D
PROVED HIMSELF MY ENEMY."

"MY INTENT WAS
TO DISPOSE OF HIM
ACCORDINGLY."



"AND THEN
I SAW HIS
AMULET."



"TALK
QUICKLY,
AND TELL
ME THE
TRUTH."

"HOW
DID YOU
COME BY THE
AMULET YOU
WEAR? WAS IT
GIVEN YOU BY
ROMA?"



"IT WAS A LONG NIGHT, BUT I GOT MY ANSWERS."

"THE FOLLOWING MORNING, I TOOK MY TROOPS AND CAPTIVES..."

"...AND WENT TO SEE WHAT WAS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE 'DOORWAY.'"

ALBION-- I ASK YOUR UNDERSTANDING AND YOUR FORGIVENESS.

I MADE A MISTAKE, I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE ENEMY.

I FIGHT TO PROTECT MY PEOPLE AND MY HOME.

HOW DOES THAT MAKE ME A VILLAIN?

I DON'T KNOW.

PERHAPS IT HAS TO DO WITH THE NATURE OF THE AMULET AND ITS RELATIONSHIP WITH THE SWORD.

YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE I'VE EVER MET...EVER EVEN HEARD OF WHO MADE THAT CHOICE.

WHEN I SAW YOU, WHEN YOU KILLED THAT MAN, I ACTED WITHOUT THINKING.

I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF. I MADE A MISTAKE.

YES, YOU DID.

AND NOW, YOU'VE PAID FOR IT.

MY FRIENDS AND COMRADES, TODAY WE TAKE THIS WORLD FOR OUR OWN.

WE SHALL STRIP ROMA OF HER PRECIOUS CAPTAINS, AND THEN HER CHAMPION, BRIAN BRADDOCK.

HENCEFORTH, WARRIORS, THE FUTURE BELONGS TO US!



SO--
WHAT'S
NEXT?

WE
FIGHT.

WE
WIN.



WE
ARE BUT
CLAIMING
WHAT'S
RIGHTFULLY
OURS.

ROMA'S
"CORPS OF
CAPTAINS"
HAS BECOME BUT
A SHADOW OF
IT'S FORMER SELF.
THE TIME HAS
COME FOR ME
TO FACE HER
CHAMPION...



...AND
FULFILL
THE DESTINY
I HAVE
PROCLAIMED
FOR
MYSELF.

BEG
PARDON, SIR,
BUT THE GUESTS
YOU'VE BEEN
EXPECTING--



--THEY'VE
ARRIVED.

I'M
SCICLUNA.
I REPRESENT
BLACK
AIR.

I BELIEVE
WE HAVE
SIMILAR GOALS.
BY WORKING
TOGETHER, WE
CAN BRING ABOUT
OUR MUTUAL
VICTORY--

--AND THE
ANNIHILATION
NOT ONLY OF
CAPTAIN
BRITAIN...

BUT OF
EXCALIBUR.

next:
the GAME
BEGINS!

TEAM DCP

KURT WAGNER & KRYPTONIA

